

C. COLES PHILLIPS.



THE GOODRICH RECORD IS A NATIONAL RECORD

ON the rock roads of New England; in the clay of Illinois; through the black waxy soil of Texas or the swamps and sands of Florida; over the granite pavements of New York or the frozen ruts of Michigan, **Goodrich Tires** have established an unchallenged record for endurance—speed—economy.

The toughest of all treads and the soundest of all constructions—the Goodrich Tread and Goodrich Integral Construction—made such a record possible for Goodrich Tires—impossible for others.

The proofs are yours for the asking. Will you *invest or experiment?*

The B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY, Akron, Ohio.

CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA
BOSTON

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DENVER
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES

SEATTLE
LONDON
PARIS

Our Products are also handled in
NEW YORK and BUFFALO by
THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY
of New York.

Our Goodrich Solid Rubber Tires started in the lead fifteen years ago
and have held their own ever since.



THE CAMP FIRE

becomes the real throne of the true sportsman if there's a supply of

Evans' Ale

within speaking distance. The ideal beverage for all outings, camping, tramping, hunting, fishing, sailing, motoring or loafing.

In "Splits" as well as regular size bottles

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

Dean's Cakes and Pastries for Country Homes

Selected assortment of Cake, at \$2.00,
\$3.00, \$5.00, \$8.00 and \$12.00
each, will be sent

EXPRESSAGE PREPAID

to any express point within 300 miles
of New York City. The cakes are
packed so that they will keep fresh for
days.

Send for special summer booklet with a
list of the assortments and full details
regarding deliveries.

572 FIFTH AVENUE

Dean's NEW YORK

Established 1839



"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."
The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven countries, from Latakia to America, are called upon. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.
THE SURBRUG COMPANY
132 Reade Street
New York.



LIFE



Son: If she accepts me, of course you'll have to make my allowance three times what it is now.

Pater: See here, as I'm paying for this, why not let her come into the entire fortune at once by marrying me? She's just the sort of girl I'd choose to superintend your bringing-up.

Grover Cleveland

1837-1908

HERE was a man of a passing race. In his veins ran the red blood of those who loved the country they had won from the wilderness. Clear in reason, firm in action founded on right, deaf to the clamor of the crowd, he was deterred from patriotic purpose neither by prayer of friend nor attack of enemy. Never the tool of politicians, never the servant of greed, time shall write him down the truest of patriots.

Locating the Trouble

IT IS not the wind that matters, Though it blow a howling gale, Nor the pranks it plays with garments, Nor the wreck of hat and veil. But the cad upon the corner, Who delights to stand agape, Grinning, as at Eve's confusion Doubtless grinned his parent ape.

Bertha L. Stine.

Another!

Dr. George Gibier Rambaud, head of the Pasteur Institute of this city, arrived yesterday on the steamship Provence, bringing with him a new serum, which he says will be a powerful aid in the prevention of rabies.

* * *

Dr. Rambaud has brought with him a supply of serum sufficient for five weeks, and he will at once begin the preparation of a supply of his own, which will be ready by the time the imported serum has been exhausted.—*N. Y. Herald*.

GODS of war! How many cases of hydrophobia does this enthusiast hope to treat within five weeks?

LIFE ventures two prophecies:

No. 1. That several "well authenticated" cases of the disease will soon turn up to be cured—of course—by this inviting virus.

No. 2. That if the "cured" patients die later on of lockjaw or whatever Fate selects, the deaths will not be as freely advertised as the discovery of the serum.

LIFE



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LII.

JULY 9, 1908

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Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THIS issue of LIFE will find the Democratic convention in session at Denver. As Taft was the foreordained candidate at Chicago, so seems Bryan to be irretrievably the predestined choice of the Democratic delegates. He claims something more than the necessary two-thirds of the votes in convention, and his claim is probably well founded. Even if he misses nomination on the first ballot, he will have considerably more than a majority of the votes, and is more likely to gain enough to give him the two-thirds which Democratic usage requires than to lose enough to help any one else. So far as signs or seventh-sons can forecast, nobody but Bryan can keep the nomination out of Bryan's hands.

If he should conclude to bestow it on somebody else, he could probably do so, provided his choice was not too eccentric. But there has been no token that he has any such intention, and there is no good reason why he should have. For it is one thing, and an easy thing, to declare that Bryan is not fit to be President, and can never carry some States that are necessary to elect him, and it is another and harder thing to pick out another Democrat who will do better. This much, at least, seems pretty certain—that no Democrat would do better than Bryan unless he had the hearty support of the Bryan wing of the party. Given that support, various men seem more eligible than Bryan, but without it no candidate would have a chance.

So the Democratic hopes this year rest in the hollow of Brother Bryan's hand, and there is every prospect that his fingers will close over them. The best qualified Democrat for the Presidency seems to be

Mr. Harmon, of Ohio. An engaging candidate is President Wilson, of Princeton. A most respectable and competent candidate is Judge Gray; a remarkable vote-getter is Governor Johnson, of Minnesota. Any one of these gentlemen would seem to stand a better chance of carrying New York and other necessary doubtful States than Bryan, but none of them can do anything without Bryan and the Bryanites heartily behind him.



THE most conspicuous Democratic possibility next to Bryan has been Governor Johnson, and if the field were really open he would be a formidable competitor for the nomination. A very likable man is Governor Johnson; good to look at and an excellent political performer, with sound natural judgment and the ability to make friends wherever he goes. His qualifications of heart seem excellent, and his mental qualifications seem very good, too, as far as they go. But just how far that is—just how much he knows, and how nearly his mental equipment measures up to the requirements of the Presidential job—is what comparatively few persons outside of Minnesota have had means to judge.

But we shall hardly need to inform ourselves about that this year. If Governor Johnson got a chance to run this summer, we guess he would run well, but the man whom Brother Bryan seems to have picked to do the running is Bryan, and the sign the other candidates see outside of Brother Bryan's door at Denver is the sign of "No Help Wanted."



THE notices requesting people not to steal which Receiver Whitridge has put up in the cars of the Third Avenue Railroad, in New York, convey a suggestion which is confessed to be warranted by popular habits. The annual losses of the street railroads of New York from the stealing of fares by employees and the stealing of rides and dishonest use of transfers by patrons of the roads were

lately estimated by careful inspectors to amount to at least two million dollars a year. Recent restriction of the use of transfers has, doubtless, reduced this loss, but it is still very serious, not only because the roads need the money, but because so great a doing of small dishonesties shows an alarming dearth of moral standards among the people.

It is bad, mighty bad, when avaricious men acquire and manipulate street railroad properties unscrupulously and water stock and rob the properties and give bad service. It is worse when employees steal fares by the hundred thousand, and when passengers steal rides by the hundred thousand, because that indicates corruption of character in the masses of the people. Probably it does not indicate quite as much moral corruption as appears. Even the employees who steal fares are probably not habitual thieves, and the passengers who steal rides, if they can, are certainly not. The passengers argue, and not without reason, that it is the company's business to collect the fares, and that, if it fails, that is its own lookout. The thievish conductors probably consider that stealing from a street railway company is not stealing at all, but merely a form of reprisal that conforms, in a rude way, to justice. They consider, no doubt, that the companies take all they can get, and the employees and public might as well do the same. The same general attitude is very generally assumed to all railroads, and accounts for a good deal of the recent railroad legislation. Nearly all the railroads have, until lately, been lawbreakers, and they must bear their share of the blame if law and justice are imperfectly respected when they are on their side.



IT IS wrong to steal, even from a street car company. No doubt it is also wrong to fib, even in a Presidential party platform. But nobody takes that seriously. Wonderful was the claim in the Republican platform to all virtue and all beneficence as exclusive Republican properties, but where was the reader who could read it with a straight face? It is a curious habit—this putting forth quadrennially with such seriousness a lot of buncombe that takes nobody in.



THE CABIN STEWARD

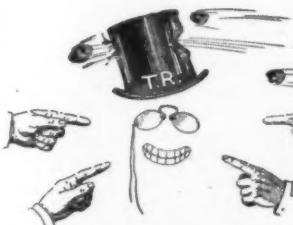
The Cabin Steward is the chap who brings you water hot
And, smiling, says, "It is a lovely day!"
And then the dear Atlantic hits your porthole with a swat—
We cannot print the things you try to say!



NOT BECOMING

Hattie goes hatless and lets her hair blow
So her curls will all float out of place.
It would look mighty fetching and coy, doncher know,
If she had the right kind of a face!

Two Happy Men



MR. ROOSEVELT says he has had a perfectly corking time since he has been President, and nobody need be sorry for him because he has had to work hard.

Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt says he never had such a good time in his life as he has lately had driving a coach in England. To be sure, he lost money on it, but he didn't mind that.

Delightful for both gentlemen to get so much enjoyment out of life; but are they going to be able to keep it up? And if so, how?

They have tastes and wants in common. Both like to drive something. Both need a permanent job. Could they not combine their gifts and start a circus, Mr. Roosevelt to furnish the experience and advertisement and Mr. Vanderbilt the capital and cooperation; Mr. Roosevelt to train the elephants (at which he is good) and Mr. Vanderbilt to manage the exercises in the ring? Mr. Roosevelt could stock up the show next year, while he is in Africa.

We believe they would both enjoy it, and if Mr. Vanderbilt should lose some little money on it, what matter, so long as sport is good? It cost a number of us something to give Mr. Roosevelt the

corking time he is just finishing up. Entertainment for him comes high, but he must have it, and how could Mr. Vanderbilt be better employed than in supplying it?

Solar English

It occurs to us as possible that Mr. Sherman may owe his preferment, in some appreciable degree, to the compliments in respect of him of which it has been this paper's pleasure and duty to bestow.—*Painfully extracted from an editorial in the New York Sun.*

IT IS pretty warm weather to engage in looking for spots on the *Sun*. But this rhetorical one relentlessly thrust itself into our vision. LIFE, in common with every other publication, has been editorially spanked by the *Sun* for slips in grammar and rhetoric. The punishment was painful, but not half so painful as this exhibition of slovenliness on the part of the journalistic pedagogue.

Fingers in the Pie

IT APPEARS that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Robert Bacon have been trying to tell Mr. Charles W. Eliot how to run his business. Messrs. R. and B. think that a rowing match should take precedence of such trifles as college discipline or moral principle, that a theft, however brazen and inexcusable, should be winked at rather than imperil a boat race.

As coach of a crew Mr. Eliot did an impolitic thing. As president of Harvard College he did his duty.



AT LIFE'S FARM
GIRLS BATHING

Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged.....	\$3,085.00
F. N. Doubleday.....	5.00
Violet M. Neill.....	5.00
J. D. Hampton.....	10.00
K. E. Adams.....	12.00
George A. Ade.....	5.00
Mrs. A. H. Storer.....	5.00
A. M. C. Jr.....	10.00
"Harold Bogert, in memoriam".....	6.00
Helen and Richard.....	10.00
" In memory of R. J. A. and M. S. A.".....	1.00
Joaquin E. Camara, Ch.....	5.00
Fred L. Gross.....	5.00
E. H. C.....	12.00
J. D. W.....	10.00
Martha and Anita Hollister.....	25.00
Mary W. Church.....	3.00
Mrs. Ida A. Campbell.....	5.00
Henry Williams.....	25.00
C. W. W.....	1.00
"Cash".....	6.00
Mrs. L. C. Bullard.....	10.00
P. Gadebusch.....	5.00
Edward White.....	
	\$3,276.00

Acknowledged with Thanks

TWO 10-pound crocks of apple butter, one 5-gallon pail of sweet gherkins, one case of currant jelly, two dozen ketchup, one case of gallon cans of kidney beans, one case of India relish, from the H. J. Heinz Company.

Eighty-four tennis balls from the Nyack Country Club.

A box of caps from Alexander Taylor & Co.

YOU can lead some girls to your lap, but you can't make them sit down.

The Passing of Play

WE'VE forgotten how to forget ourselves, and so we can't play any more. Recreation, with us, is a myth until we get to being rippingly rich, and after that a pose. Having grown divulgively wealthy, we affect certain forms of sport, but they are only forms, wholly lacking the essential element of fun except as we call the tickling of our vanity fun. Witness the yachting girl as she studies how the winds may wanton her hair becomingly, or the camping boy posturing before his fire in the depths of some wilderness.

Is unconsciousness to be cultivated? No, only a simulacrum of it. We are hopeless.

Psyche

A DOCTOR in Chicago who has on several occasions seen the human soul issuing finally from its earthly temple describes it as a bluish vapor resembling cigar smoke. He doesn't state whether or not it smells up lace curtains, but this, perhaps, goes without saying in Chicago.

Elements of plausibility are not lacking. Who has not seen eyes which appeared to be the windows of a bluish vapor? And if it's not a bluish vapor which a great many artists with temperament put into their art, then something very like.

The arrangement, too, provides an easy and convenient classification of souls, ranging from the two-fer up to the clear Havana, or even higher. R. B.

THE three disgraces: Wine, women and song.

MRS. CATERBY: In a short time now we will do all our heating by alcohol.

CATERBY: That's good. All we'll have to do will be to connect your Uncle Jake to the furnace and range.



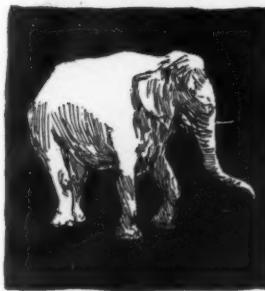
IF THE DOG HAD A VOTE

HOW SUDDENLY WOULD ALL TALK OF VIVISECTION
END

"I regard vivisection as immoral and unjustifiable, as well as quite useless and very dangerous, and I feel assured that unless a determined stand be made against it, human beings will be used for this purpose instead of animals, before long."—From a letter by J. H. Thornton, C.B., M.B., B.A., Deputy-Surgeon-General, I. M. S., to a member of the N. E. Anti-vivisection Society, Feb. 6, 1896.



Republican Platform
(Revised to Suit All Comers.)



WE, THE party in power, do hereby declare the following as being our combined sentiments:

In the first place, we would respectfully call attention to our great record, which includes saving the Union, keeping Harriman out of jail, freeing the slaves, driving the wolf from Andrew Carnegie's door and caring for our noble and needy veterans of the late war, including their friends and relatives, wives, grandchildren and other distant connections. Also, our upholding

of the gold standard, thus enabling Wall Street to keep up its credit, and our disinterested efforts in behalf of the laboring man, who, if he votes our way, will surely get a good job some time or other after the campaign is over.

We are in favor of spelling reform, not because it isn't all right in itself, but also because it would necessitate new type, thus helping out one of our most important industries, namely, the writing of best sellers.

We cannot deprecate too strongly the open acceptance of funds for campaign purposes from our leading friends and financiers, who, under a mistaken zeal in a good cause, have in the past handed us their money, and we cannot accept any such contributions this year in any such brazen manner. If anything like that is done, remember that we don't know it. In the words of Scripture (which we are glad to have an opportunity of quoting right here), Let not your right hand know what your left hand is doing. Our treasurer's home and back-door address sent on application.

We hereby promise to take up the tariff question and discuss it occasionally during the next four years when there is nothing else to do.

Our navy, now almost equal to none, will be still further enlarged. The gradual disuse of some of our principal ferries will enable us, at a small cost, to make several important additions to the list of our battleships and fast cruisers. In conformity with our usual custom of naming these ships after our national ideals,

they will be called the *Hoboken*, *Weiner Wurst*, *Passover*, *Shamrock*, and so on.

We believe thoroughly in the liberty of the press, and shall continue to buy up only enough newspapers in the large cities that the great mass of people may not be

misled by the scurrilous cartoons and slurs of the enemy.

A suitable currency bill will shortly be introduced into Congress, which will make it unnecessary, in times of panic, for Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller and other of our patriotic citizens to imperil their fortunes to help us out.

The authors' copyright question will be, as usual, agitated during our term of office. Any settlement of this question would be distinctly detrimental to our policy.

And, in conclusion, if we are once more given the sacred trust (of which, of course, there can be no possible doubt), we shall see that all corporations and combines are kept in their places, the laws are properly and regularly referred to in our editorial columns, and that our next Congress spends only about double what the estimates call for.

Done with the consent and good fellowship of Thomas Ryan, Andy Carnegie and J. P. Morgan, at Chicago, etc., etc.

The G. O. P.

THE altar can give cards and spades to the gallows.

Numerical

CUSTOMER: I want a pair of Masso corsets for my wife.
SALESLADY: What number?

"She's number three."

A Candidate's Creed

As certified from the White House, June 16, 1908

M R. TAFT'S a Unitarian, as his parents were before him, but his wife's Episcopalian, so's the daughter that she bore him.

In the summer you will find him looking like a stout Hyperion In the church where God is worshipped in the fashion Presbyterian. And so Catholic is his nature, I would have you all informed, Oft he worships with his master in the manner Dutch Reformed.

As Per Advertisements

WITH Prohibition carrying
So strongly old N. C.,
The very air
Will hardly dare
So much like wine to be.

Employed

MAGISTRATE: You are charged with having no visible means of support.

THE ACCUSED: It's not so, your Honor.

"Have you got a job?"

"Yes."

"What do you do?"

"I am employed by the Society for the Diffusion of Wholesome Sentiment to pity the idle rich."

"Do you work hard at it?"

"I do; eight hours a day, which is all the union allows."

"What wages?"

"All I can collect from the Society's sympathizers."

"Discharged."



PERILS OF BALLOONING
ONLY BALLOON DURING FULL MOON



"HENRY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN MAKE OF WALDO."
"WELL, HE HAS A FLAT CHEST AND NO CHIN. HE COULD BE A MISSIONARY."

Ad Poetam

O POET at so much a line,
O weight-and-measure literatus,
O bard, inspired with the divine
Afflatus!

This problem, and this only, racks
My brain until it seems to teeter:
O poet, dost thou write in tax-
Imeter?

Kind Words from Kentucky

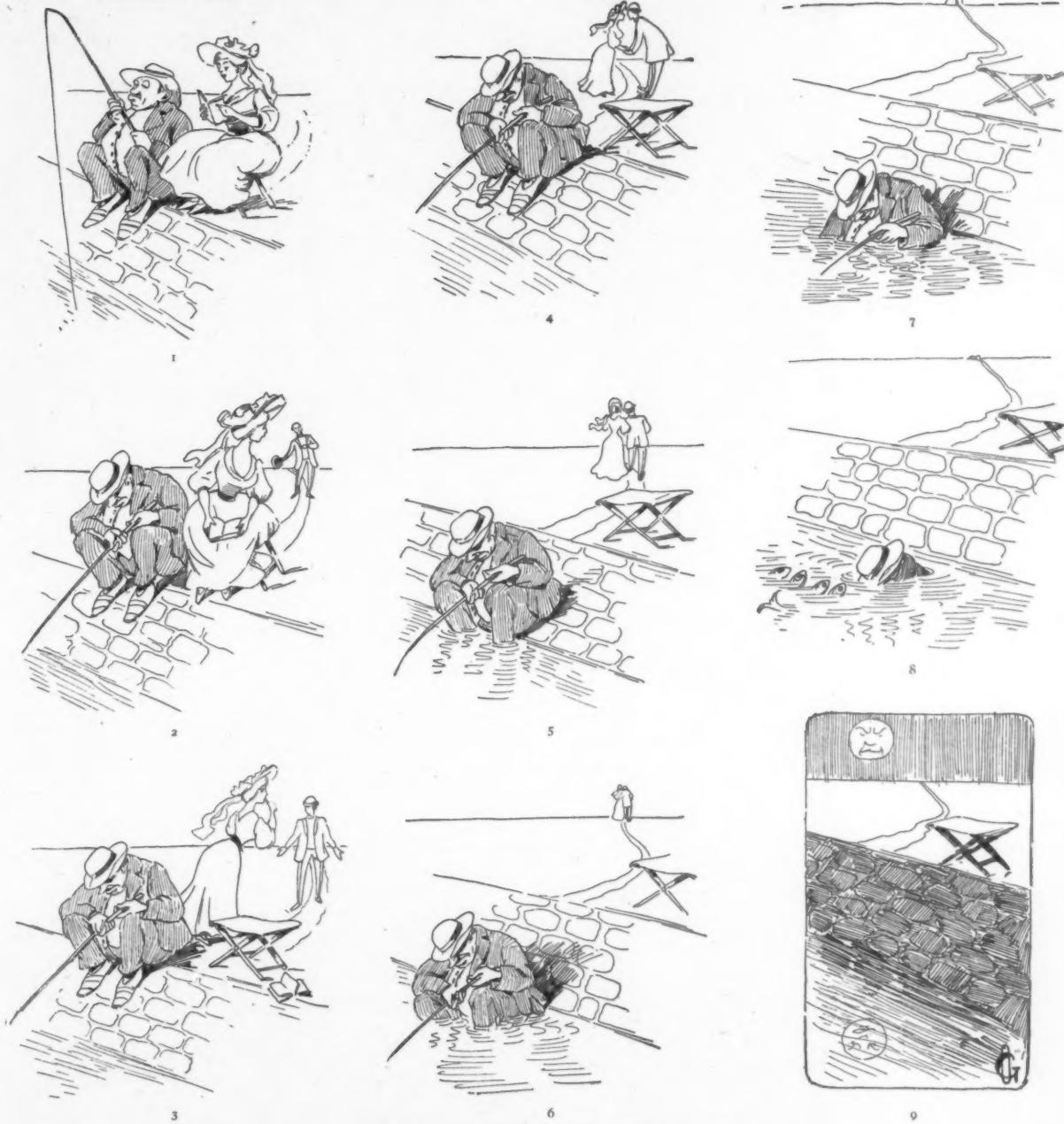
LIFE is not a partisan. It is a Humanist, tempered by philosophy, and a Philosopher, irradiated by humor. It scintillates, but Truth is its objective point, and, as a consequence, it hits both parties right and left, sometimes hitting them hard.—*Col. Henry Watterson, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The family doctor is coming in again.—*Medical Intelligence.*

INASMUCH as the surgeon has made surgery popular, and the nerve specialist has made neurasthenia popular, why may we not expect that the family doctor will somehow make the family popular?

"THEY seem to have a new dance every season." I wonder what the dance of the future will be?"
"St. Vitus—probably."

Fisherman's Luck



Trust

THE moment the trust principle was applied to missionary work and the entire business of converting the heathen was taken over by one corporation the economy was enormous. The average cost of saving a soul fell from \$692.57 to \$126.13.

But those who had hitherto made their living by the sale of salvation were hard hit. The small dealer, especially, could not in the least meet the new conditions and was crowded out.

Much distress resulted and the Federal Government was appealed to; but further

than that the President made the matter the subject of seventy or eighty special messages, nothing was done.

The consumer, obviously, was better off, and when has not his interest been paramount in the economic world?

Ramsey Benson.

Published every Thursday. Annual Subscription, \$2.50.

• LIFE •

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ASSETS / LIABILITIES

EE.



TS / ABILITIES

LIFE

In Their Earlier Years

Political Mother Goose Rhymes

SING a song of politics,
A pocket full of notes,
Four-and-twenty candidates
Exchanging them for votes.
When the polls were opened
The coins began to talk.
Isn't that a pretty path
For candidates to walk?

Senator Horner sat in his corner
Voting for Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
And said, "Next time for more I'll try."

I love little System, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;
So I'll sit by her fire and coddle her mood,
And System will love me because I am good.

Three wise mice, see how they run!
They all run after the farmers' votes
And promise to pass his bill on shoats,
But after election call them goats,
These three wise mice.

1, 2, politics brew;
3, 4, through Senate door;
5, 6, fix up tricks;
7, 8, rebate great!
9, 10, sent to the "pen."

Old Senator Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get a nice, juicy bone;
But when he got there the cupboard was
bare;
The Interests had left him none!



MISS LULU GLASER ABOUT 1892



THE LATE THEODORE TILTON ABOUT 1876

Ding, dong bell,
The Bill's going well.
Who put her in?
Senator O'Scheme.
Who'll pull her out?
Congressman Graftbout.
What do you think of Sen. Scatt
Who tried to kill our Bill, "Wildcat":
He never did any harm
When we cared for him and kept him warm.
I. Newton Greene.

Things That Were Better Left Unsaid (But which we should take a fiendish joy in saying, just the same.)

TO A fat lady (who is sensitive about it):
Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Quiver. How
well you're looking. By Jove, you're quite
a stunner, don't you know. You must be
gaining a pound a day. Really, I wouldn't
have known you, you have changed so.
They say it makes one good-natured. How

is that? Dear me, you must have a heavily disposition. You certainly are immense! Ha, ha!

To a lady who started small, but whose husband has struck it rich:

Ah, my dear Mrs. Sudengold, delighted to
meet you! You are a person to be cultivated
now, aren't you? Good joke, hey?
To be cultivated! That is, you need cultivation,
and to be cultivated also. See?
Double point that. I fancy we won't know
you soon. Oh, you won't have any trouble
in getting in. Just smash ahead and give
'em time. They'll stand most anything just
now, if there's money enough to go with it.

To a man who has a place in the country, to which you have been invited:

Sorry to say it, old chap, but you were an
easy mark, all right. Glad I'm not in your
shoes. Still, I suppose it appeals to your
nature to keep up all those pleasant little
fictions about mosquitoes, delightful neighbors
and so on. And you do it so well!
Why, you'll actually believe all those things
yourself if you keep on.

The Wrong Feeling

WIFE: Isn't Mrs. Pacer a charming
hostess? She makes everybody feel
as if they were at home.

HUSBAND: But I don't want to feel that
way.



MR. VICTORIEN SARDOU ABOUT 1870



LANDING ON THE GREEN

That Affair in the Garden

By Various Contemporaries

BY THE New York Evening Post :

A woman who gave her name as Eve was caught in the Garden of Eden yesterday offering one Adam an apple.

There was also some absurd thaumaturgical story about a snake, which upon investigation appeared to be a yellow-journal fake.

Both man and woman were remanded to a higher court. It is probable that they will get a sentence of thirty days on the Island. The affair would not be worth referring to, were it not for the fact that the newspaper press makes so much of these trivial matters that we feel called upon to give it space.

By the New York Sun :

There were high jinks yesterday in the Garden of Eden, just out of Bohemia. Mrs. Eve, president of the Pomological Society, presided. There were also present a large, leisurely snake, with a "come on" expression, and a mere man.

The affair was occasioned by the snake, who handed out a gold brick to the lady. At first she thought it was a lemon and only sniffed at it, but when it proved to be a large red apple, that was different. The snake explained that by eating the apple one would have an inside knowledge of Edwin Markham's poems, and the lady succumbed. After she had done it, however, she wished she hadn't, and determined to

have Adam, a side partner of hers, in the same predicament, so she forced the apple on him and he "did eat" of the same. When he found out

that he and Edwin Markham would have to be chums from then on, he made a scene. The whole affair wound up by the audience singing, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

By the New York Tribune :

GARDEN OF EDEN, July 15.—A woman named Eve was caught just inside the third gate early this morning, trying to inveigle a man named Adam into taking an apple. The whole affair is shrouded with mystery, but until your correspondent learns that there is nothing in it inimical to the present administration he will withhold all false rumors.

By the New York Journal :

"It was all my fault."—EVE.

This was the confession tearfully made to the Reverend Murphy McGinnis, our special Methodist reporter (who writes exclusively for THE JOURNAL—his photo published elsewhere) by one of the most beautiful women in the world.

As she said the fatal words that convicted her, the tears slowly coursed down her cheeks, collarbones, and so on down.

The mystery surrounding this lovely creature is indeed a mysterious one. There can be no doubt that the man in the case is a villain, said to be a relative to the editor of the Post. He—

(Continued on the 411th page, 6th column, three pictures down.)

By the New York Herald :

EDEN, July 15. (Wireless to HERALD.)—I was able to obtain to-day the complete and exclusive story of Adam's fall for the HERALD.

About a year ago this young man, then in the prime of life, came here to settle. Being an ardent Christian Scientist, in a short time he demonstrated a companion in the shape of a young girl named Eve. She was friendless and unknown when Adam took her up, and without a stitch to her back. In return for the favor he had done her (this is continued by our Paris correspondent, the regular man whom we sent to get the story having been suddenly discharged by Mr. Bennett) she prepared for him a poisonous concoction, which had the appearance of a red apple.

Being a Christian Scientist, Adam had no fear of the result. At present he is in a precarious state, and the whole affair is being investigated by the police. Among those

who witnessed the incident were J. P. Morgan, who is staying at the Pomegranate Inn, W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Astor and many others (registered at the HERALD Branch).

By the New York World (Editorial) :

The Eden affair has various interpretations. The facts, however, are simple, and when understood may lead to the detection and final conviction of the criminals.

We say *may*.

The fact is that Mr. Jerome, as usual, was engaged in more important matters. The fact that Eve is described as "more than beautiful" and that she had so little on will no doubt appeal to him.

But it remains to be seen if Mr. Jerome will take more than a passing interest in an affair which, after all, he will probably be willing to state is not of great importance to the human race.

Four Hours of Sleep Not Enough

MR. THOMAS EDISON says that four hours of sleep is enough for any one, and that it is a waste of time to take any more.

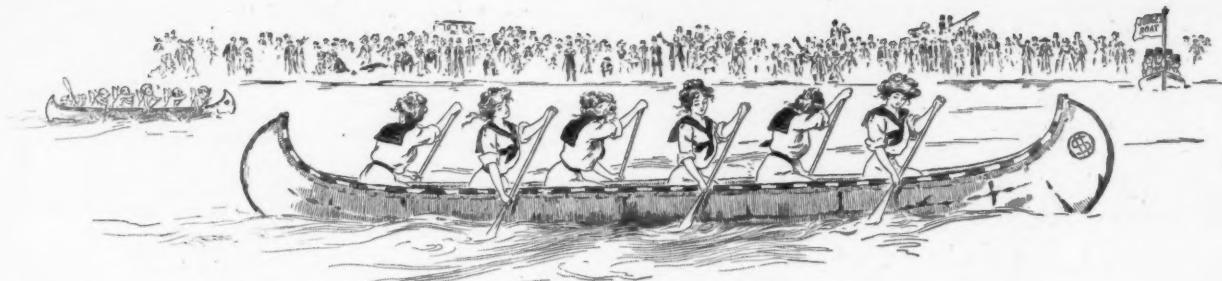
So long, Thomas; talk about something you are better qualified to discuss. Is your own health so wonderfully steady as to entitle your rules for living to be generally accepted? Wasn't it you who had a mastoid abscess the other day? You are only sixty-one years old. Any one with decent luck can live that long, notwithstanding some abuse of natural strength. When you are ninety and still have your habits of life will become interesting.

Do you want people to sit up half the night to use your patent lamps and increase your royalties? Tut, tut, Thomas, don't be so greedy.



MARY WIDOUGH HAD A HAT,
ONE PIECE WAS WIDE AS ANYTHING,
AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT
THE HAT WAS SURE TO GO.

• LIFE •



"A STERN CHASE IS A LONG ONE"

Confidential Guide to the Magazines
Any Old Month

Century—Leading article on the Civil War, by Brigadier-Corporal Gritt, U. S. A., entitled "Chewing the Grand Old Rag." Four dry-cleaned and perfectly Pasteurized stories by four decent, doddering citizens. One woodcut of a series of paintings, done on the panels of the old-time Fifth Avenue stages. And an article of interest on the Civil War. Winding up with a little touch of sadness called "In Lighter Vein."

Harper's—Story by Mrs. Ward. Come in any time and stay as long as you like. One drawing by Howard Pyle, generally presenting some green-eyed and red-haired lady, not in society, being kissed to a standstill by a cross-eyed but competent pirate—rosewood finish. Thirteen Goldingit stories, illustrated by thirteen near-Howard Pyles. Article, "Are Potato Bugs Immoral?" Finishing with inventory of the editor's personal effects—including furniture and underwear.

Scribner's—Continuation of story commencing with birth of magazine, "Way Down in Old Kentuckessee, near Arkanssippi." Remainder of magazine devoted to "Big Game Hunting on Staten Island," "Up the Jungfrau in a Motor-Boat," "How We Chased a Grasshopper up Pike's Peak." The magazine is illustrated by Fred. Yohn, except when he is tired, then Alonzo Kimball does it. And when they both are taking a vacation, the illustrations

are done by A. Kodak, the talented young Hungarian.

McClure's—Very much like a laundry—full of Carl Shurtz. This periodical is illustrated by those rising young artists, Sarony, Rockwood, Brady and Pach. Edited by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

American Magazine—Chief feature is the colored supplement, by Ray Stannard Baker, with portraits of forty-seven maltreated mokes, all shades, electrotype blacks, half-tone coons, elephant-breath bucks and malted milk mulattoes. An article by Lincoln Steffens on the Punkness of Pokeness, and another by Ida Tarbell on some Presidential impossibility, with fifty-seven corking good reasons why, illustrated with photos of the gent under inspection. Him alone, him together, him sitting on porch, legs crossed; him, legs uncrossed; him at ages of two, four, eight, ten, twenty, forty, sixty, and to-day; without his lid, with lid and bull terrier; with lid, bull terrier, walking stick and wife. Concluding with sermon in Norwegian by Peter F. Dunne.

The Munsey—Long article, "Concerning the Jews." None of our business, so skip to inside history of royal family of Wienerwursts. Photos of Queen Wurst attired in whole family of royal heirs and heirines—all have the rickets. Eighteen pifflettes—unillustrated with pictures—by the office cat.

Everybody's—A strip of linoleum with a buckwheat cake, a bit of ivory soap and a

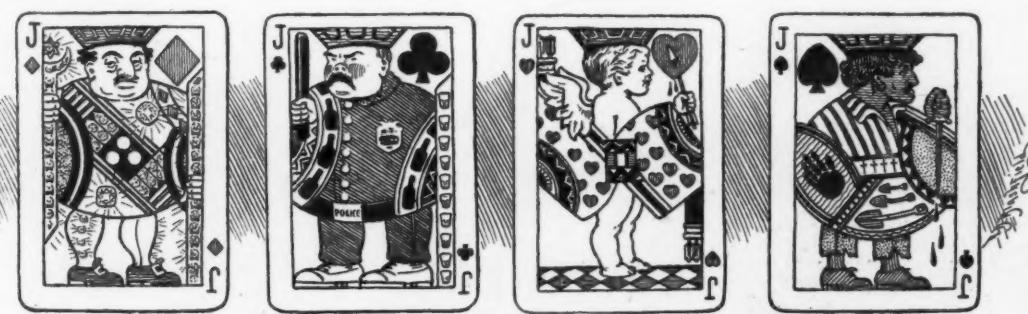
back comb glued to it—photoed in color (idea copyrighted—Ray Brown please notice!). That's the cover. Each article and story is diagnosed, explained, analyzed and apologized for in italics at the beginning by the editor. Duel to the death in each number between muck-raking and whitewashing. On every fourth page you are advised as to the exact intimate workings of the editor's brains and cautioned against delaying to get in quick for a block of stock.

Collier's—Cover—ballet girl knitting a green sweater, seated on the back of a hippopotamus on roller skates—full of meaning, but effective. Full-page picture—affrontispiece in 800 colors, by Jessie Maxfield Leyendecker. One long article on the "Peruna Soul-Souse," with illustrations cribbed from the daily papers. Ten cents. Perhaps it will be better next week.

Harper's Weekly—And then some. "In the Silent Places"—a large tract of unirrigated mica, completely surrounded by Colonel Harvey.

Smart Set—One immoralette and a flock of dribbletines. Central idea of each—she loved not wisely but too often.

Life—Elevating editorial. Profusion of pithy, pointful and perfectly painted pictures by peerless pensmen; hordes of highly humorous hits; countless coruscating cartoons by the continent's cleverest caricaturists, and slues of sweetly sentimental sketches.



WHIP ME SUCH HONEST KNAVES.—Othello



BUGBEARS

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN WHO ALWAYS TILTS BACK IN YOUR FRAILEST CHAIR

LIFE



WANTED—A CHAUFFEUR

"Wanted—a chauffeur, both sober and neat
And able to clean and repair,
And when he's not driving to wait on the door,
And manage the pony with care.
He must sleep in the stable, and take his meals out,
The chickens and pigs he must feed,
And keep all the lawn and the grass borders mowed,
And the garden he also must weed.

"He must work every Sunday, and clean all the boots,
He must milk and attend to the cow,
And put up the clotheslines and beat out the rugs,
And to polish the windows know how.
For duties like these the munificent sum
Of ten dollars a week he will get!"—
The woman or man who inserted this ad.
Is in want of a chauffeur as yet. —*Evening Sun.*

BROKEN WORDS AND CHINA

MRS. NEIGHBORS: Are you able to understand your new cook's broken English?

MRS. HOMER: Oh, yes; but I can't understand why she breaks so much china.—*Chicago News.*

POKER AND BRIDGE

KNICKER: I was sitting up with a very sick friend last night, I tell you.

MRS. KNICKER: Yes; I sat up with his sick wife all this afternoon.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

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New York



A DIRECTOR'S IDEA

"This business of giving people a lot of straps to hang on to in the cars is all wrong!" exclaimed the indignant citizen.



"OH HUBBY, LOOK! BABY HAS JUST GOT ITS FIRST FEATHER!"

"That's right," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, with sudden interest, "the public ought to be made to furnish its own straps."—*Washington Star.*

SHE KNEW THE PLACE

The elderly matron with the bundles, who was journeying to a point in Wisconsin and occupied a seat near the middle of the car, had fallen asleep. On the seat in front of her sat a little boy. The brakeman opened the door of the car and called out the name of the station the train was approaching. The elderly woman roused herself with a jerk.

"Where are we, Bobby?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandma," answered the little boy.

"Didn't the brakeman say something just now?"

"No. He just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Help me with these things, Bobby!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "This is Oshkosh. It's where we get off."—*Youth's Companion.*

OUR NATIONAL ATTITUDE

"That's the Goddess of Liberty," explained the New Yorker. "Fine attitude, eh?"

"Yes, and typically American," responded the Western visitor. "Hanging to a strap."—*Washington Herald.*

MR. SINIC: Do you see those three people walking together down there?

MRS. GETUP: Yes. Who are they?

"One is a somnambulist, one is a kleptomaniac and one is a plagiarist."

"Law sakes! I never dreamed we were going to meet so many brainy people in a bunch."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A TRADE PAYMENT

THE PATIENT: Doc, I can't pay you no money, while I ain't got none, a'ready. Will you take it out in trade?

THE DENTIST: Well, I might consider that. What's your business?

"I led a leedle Chiman band. Ve'll come around und serenade you effry night for a mont', yet."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"To know him is to love him."

What Makes the World Go 'Round?



LIFE, of course. Nevertheless LIFE wants new friends.

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The money must be sent to us, *direct*, before October 1st.

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3 W. 29th St., New York



THE KING LAUGHED

A curious court story went the rounds some little time ago about a lovely forigner, one of whose verbal slips gave King Edward occasion for a hearty laugh. A very lively personage, with a delightful accent, she made such a favorable impression upon the King that he asked her to be his partner at bridge. "But, sir," she said, "I really don't know how to play." The King would take no denial, however, and she became rather embarrassed. "I assure you, sir," she said, "I could not think of playing. I don't know the difference between a king and a knave." There was an awkward silence, and then she realized what she had said and was covered with confusion. The King, of course, laughed it off, and now tells the story with gusto.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"DID Tom have any luck hunting tigers in India?"

"Yes—great luck."

"How?"

"He didn't meet any tigers."—*Newsbook*.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED to use Delaware & Hudson rail and steamer lines via Saratoga Springs, Lake George, etc., to Adirondacks and Montreal. Send 6 cents postage for illustrated summer resort guide. A. A. Heard, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y.

HER RESPONSIBILITY REALIZED

Mrs. J.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had the habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress said:

"Mary, your mouth is open."

"Yassum," replied Mary; "I opened it."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

POOR CAB HORSE

CABMAN (with exaggerated politeness): Would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse?

STOUT LADY (who has just paid the minimum fare): Why?

"Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

BY INFERENCE

The magistrate looked severely at the small, red-faced man who had been summoned before him, and who returned his gaze without flinching.

"So you kicked your landlord down stairs?" said the magistrate. "Did you imagine that was within the rights of a tenant?"

"I'll bring my lease in and show it to you," said the little man, growing still redder. "And I'll wager you'll agree with me that anything they've forgotten to prohibit in that lease I had a right to do the very first good chance I got."—*Youth's Companion*.

CRAMPED

STELLA: Can you dress within your income?

BELLA: Yes; but it is like dressing within a berth in a sleeping-car.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

"THE D. & H." TO THE ADIRONDACKS.—Through Pullmans night and day trains. 2 cents postage for illustrated folder. A. A. Heard, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y. New York office, 1354 B'way.

BUSINESS

"Good morning," said the claim agent, cheerfully, to the patient with a broken leg and head in bandages. "I have good news for you. Yes, sir. The company feels sorry for you. It is willing to forgive and forget. Soulless? Why, man, it's all soul."

"Ready to pay about five thousand?"

"N-no, not exactly that. But I am authorized to sign its agreement not to prosecute you for letting yourself get thrown on the right of way and blocking rush-hour traffic."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

JACK: The horse I backed for the Belmont Stakes led for half the course, and then turned around and bolted for the starting post.

eva: But why didn't you back him both ways?—*Town and Country*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

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"The World's Best Table Water"

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By HELEN WOLJESKA

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The tragedy of a life told in epigrams. Grave they are, and gay, sometimes cynical and often bitter, but always with a note of defiance—and now and then a smothered sob.

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There is intense pathos in this oddly conceived journal. The epigrams reveal a nature in hot rebellion against the artificialities of civilization—a passionate soul that wished to make her own laws, to live her life in all its pagan purity of thought and deed.

Albany Times-Union:

Through these epigrams one can trace the growth of a human soul. They run the entire scale of human emotions. It is scarcely ever that a woman's mind and heart are thus laid bare.

Los Angeles Times:

The journal of a keen, independent mind. Full of originality. Full of fine, beautiful, strong thoughts.

Chicago News:

The protest of an exuberant life against the cold conventions of existing codes. The utter frankness, sincerity and aptness of expression certainly make the little volume interesting reading.

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LIFE'S Marriage Contest

Men

No. 2

Both men and rhymes seem commonplace to me;
To mediocre things I don't incline.
But Number Two, the frolic flirt, would be
My choice—if I could make and keep him mine.

No. 3

To a million, ne'er averse, that's me;
To a million, heir I'd gladly be;
To a million, e'er may I be led;
To the millionaire may I be wed.

No. 4

Poetic soul, 'tis thee I'll wed.
Why? Frankly, not by fancy led.
To none could I the least incline.
I closed my eyes, gasped, drew! Thou'rt mine.

No. 3

The millionaire, with all his faults, looks pretty good to me,
For perhaps he is the owner of an Eldorado mine.
And I hasten to assure you I his wedded wife will be,
Though the path of matrimony is a rather steep incline.

Women

No. 3

"A widow" you shall cease to be
If toward me you'd incline.
Your income looks so good to me
I'd gladly make you mine.

No. 3

How happy we might be
If thou wouldest to my suit incline.
Economy for me!
If thou wilt be forever mine.

No. 3

Sweet widow, thou dost know
The tangled fate of those that wed,
Their mingled joy and woe.
Be mine and by thy prudent virtues I'll be led.

No. 1

Dear Lady of the English Church, I know
The beauty of the Bridge we'd cross to wed.
Our Church and game would free us from life's woe,
For loving "hearts rejoice in being led."

No. 4

Ah, LIFE! The wife you've found for me!
By Four I shall be led.
I care not where my breakfast be,
If fed in bed, when wed.

"Thou Shalt Not Steal"

THE receiver of the Third Avenue Railroad Company, to inculcate honesty in patrons and employees, has had signs put up in the cars reading:

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

Every passenger who does not pay his fare steals.
Every conductor who does not turn in fares collected steals.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

The warning should save many a compromise of conscience on the part of conductor and passenger. But the crusade, to become wholly effective, should be carried into all departments of the traction system. The following mottoes are suggested for framing and hanging on the walls of the general offices:

Thou shalt not charge twice for electrifying the Second Avenue Road.

Thou shalt not abstract \$895,000 for a void paper franchise.

Thou shalt not charge \$3,000,000 for a section of track on Thirty-fourth Street which cost less than \$300,000.

Thou shalt not sell watered securities to widows and orphans.

The injunction "Thou shalt not steal," of course, should be omitted. For these practices are not stealing. They are high finance.—*New York World*.

Twenty Million Voices

A *PERFECT understanding by the public of the management and full scope of the Bell Telephone System can have but one effect, and that a most desirable one—a marked betterment of the service.*

Do you know what makes the telephone worth while to you—just about the most indispensable thing in modern life?

It isn't the circuit of wire that connects your instrument with the exchange.

It's the Twenty Million Voices at the other end of the wire on every Bell Telephone!

We have to keep them there, on hair trigger, ready for you to call them up, day or night—downtown, up in Maine, or out in Denver.

And to make the telephone system useful to those Twenty Million other people, we have to keep you alert and ready at this end of the wire.

Then we have to keep the line in order—8,000,000 miles of wire—and the central girls properly drilled and accommodating to the last degree, and the apparatus up to the highest pitch of efficiency.

Quite a job, all told.

Every telephone user is an important link in the system—just as important as the operator. With a little well meant suggestion on our part, we believe we can improve the service—perhaps save a second on each call.

There are about *six billion connections* a year over these lines.

Saving a second each would mean a tremendous time saving to you and a tremendous saving of operating expenses, which can be applied to the betterment of the service.

The object of this and several succeeding magazine advertisements is *not to get more subscribers*. It is to make each one of you a better link in the chain.

First, give "Central" the number clearly and be sure she hears it. Give her full and clear information in cases of doubt. She is there to do her utmost to accommodate you.

Next, don't grow fretful because you think she represents a monopoly. The postmaster does, too, for the same reason.

The usefulness of the telephone is its *universality, as one system*. Where there are two systems you must have two telephones—and confusion.

Remember, the value of the service lies in the number of people you can reach *without confusion—the promptness with which you get your response.*

So respond quickly when others call you, bearing in mind the extensive scope of the service.

The constant endeavor of the associated Bell companies, harmonized by one policy and acting as one system, is to give you the best and most economical management human ingenuity can devise. The end is efficient service and your attitude and that of every other subscriber may hasten or hinder its accomplishment.

Agitation against legitimate telephone business—the kind that has become almost as national in its scope as the mail service—must disappear with a realization of the necessity of universal service.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

And Its Associated
Bell Companies



One Policy—One System
Universal Service

UNITING OVER 4,000,000 TELEPHONES

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

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PONY CARRIAGES
The children enjoy these perfectly built, strong, roomy, safe little carriages—exact miniatures of vehicle made for grown-ups. Lancaster Pony Carriages mean outfit—enjoyment—conducive to health, strength and happiness. Be sure to get a Lancaster—most durable and up-to-date pony carriage made.

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RADCLIFFE & CO.

New York, 144 Pearl Street, and London, E. C.



James Monroe
Fifth President of the United States.

IT was in the Hall of Oratory, William and Mary College, 1776. Patrick Henry stood on the platform; eloquently, passionately, convincingly he spoke of human rights, constitutional guarantees, Personal Liberty.

A young student, tall and blonde, with eyes of blue and heart of fire, listened intently. Tossing aside cap and gown, he buckled on his sword, saying, "Words are good; deeds are better."

At Harlem, White Plains and Brandywine, he fought bravely; and on a bitter cold Christmas morning his blood splashed the frozen paving stones of old Trenton Town.

Step by step he rose to power; and today his name is inseparably associated with the most significant international Doctrine of modern times.

At three score and fourteen he died—a true Virginia gentleman—the descendant of an old family of Scottish Cavaliers—and at his hospitable home at Oak Hill, good ale was brewed and ever on his board.

References: Biography by Dan'l C. Gilmore, Appleton & Harper's Enc.

WHEN old Mother Earth grows better malting barley than northern soil produces—

WHEN the fertile valleys and verdant mountain slopes of Old Bohemia grow better hops—

WHEN nature produces better and purer waters—

WHEN brew-science has been developed to a higher art—

THEN, and not till then, will it be possible to produce a better beer than

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